

MARVEL®
29th Dec 90

THE REAL

№133 45p

© 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries Inc.

GHSTBUSTERS™

914/Ave

MERRY
CHRISTMAS
EVERYBODY!



ISSN 0954-9404



52

770954 940011

MARVEL
29th Dec 90

THE REAL

Nº133 45p

© 1984 Columbia Pictures
Industries Inc.

GH^oSTBUSTERS™

94/Ave
MERRY
CHRISTMAS
EVERYBODY!

ISSN 0954-9404

52



770954 940011



It's Christmas time and there's no need to be afraid! Least not when **The Real Ghostbusters** are here, to fill you all with yuletide cheer. On this festive cover you may have found some scary spooks that are hidden around. Ghostly tempers fierce and fiery, all in **Winston's Xmas Diary!**

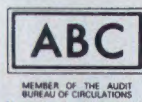
A ghost haunts Spengler in festive apparel, find out why in **Egon's Christmas Carol!** While you're enjoying Christmas all safe, snug and warm, Slimer's wreaking havoc in Part Two of **Holiday Storm!**

Apart from the regular favourites, there's some extra Christmas features: a gunky Slimer maze and all those hidden creatures. Count up those ghoulies as many as you can see, find out if you're right on page twenty-three!

CONTENTS

Egon's Christmas Carol!	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide.....	9
The Insanity Claus!	10
Slimer's Xmas Maze.....	11
Winston's Xmas Diary!	12
Holiday Storm!— Part Two	15
Dead True!.....	21
Spectral Spectrum Page	23
Next Issue Box/ Blimey! It's Slimer!	24

Cover by BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS
Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant Editor EMMA MARSHALL
Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ is published by MARVEL COMICS LTD., 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2. THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS title, logo design (including the HQ logo featured on this page) characters, artwork and stories are copyright © 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. and copyright © 1990 Columbia Pictures Television, a division of CPT Holdings, Inc. All rights reserved. The GHOSTBUSTERS logo and logo design are licensed trademarks from Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All other material is copyright © 1990 Marvel Comics Ltd. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with any living, dead or undead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the UK and distributed by Comag.

THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Egon's Christmas Carol

IT'S THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND EVERYONE IS FULL OF THE JOYOUS CHRISTMAS SPIRIT...



HEY, EGON! COULD YOU GIVE US A HAND WITH THIS...



NOT NOW, RAY. I'VE JUST FOUND A SPECIMEN OF THE RARE HUMBOLDT'S FUNGI GROWING ON CHEDDAR IN THE FRIDGE.

ARE YOU WORKING THROUGH THE FESTIVE SEASON? I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

I HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR CHRISTMAS...



...THE CHANCE TO STUDY HUMBOLDT'S FUNGUS COMES ROUND ONCE IN FIFTY YEARS.

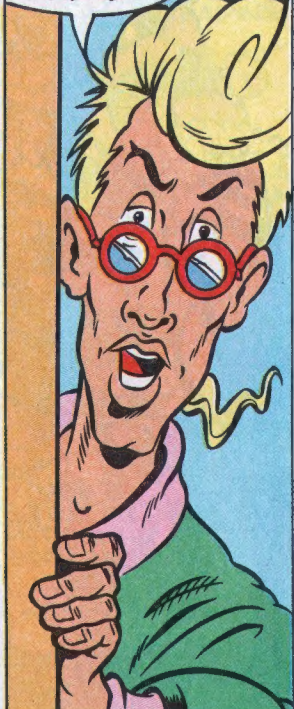


HE IS NOT HUMAN.

HE'S GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME.



OH, AND COULD YOU TELL THE CAROL SINGERS TO KEEP THE NOISE DOWN. I AM TRYING TO WORK UP HERE.







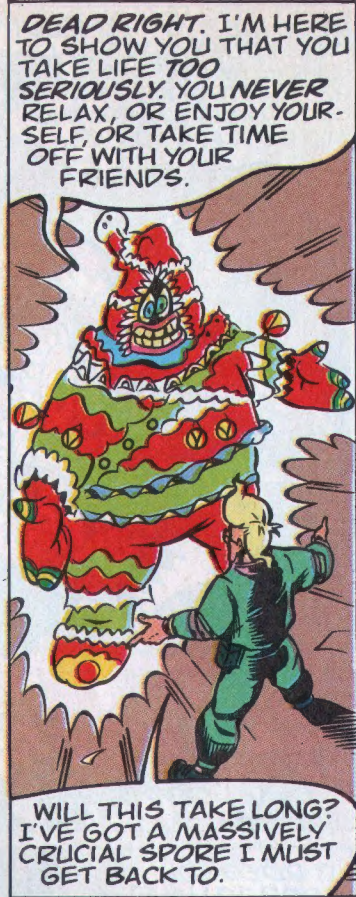
FASCINATING. ITS REGISTERING OVER NINETY CYCLES ON THE ECTO-SPECTROMETER.

IS THERE NO GETTING THROUGH TO THIS GUY?



SPENGLER! PUT THAT DOWN AND LISTEN TO ME FOR A MINUTE!

I BELIEVE IT WANTS TO COMMUNICATE.



DEAD RIGHT. I'M HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT YOU TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY. YOU NEVER RELAX, OR ENJOY YOURSELF, OR TAKE TIME OFF WITH YOUR FRIENDS.

WILL THIS TAKE LONG? I'VE GOT A MASSIVELY CRUCIAL SPORE I MUST GET BACK TO.



FOR GOODNESS SAKE, BEHOLD! BEHOLD THE CHRISTMASSES OF YOUR PAST, HOW DULL YOU MADE THEM...

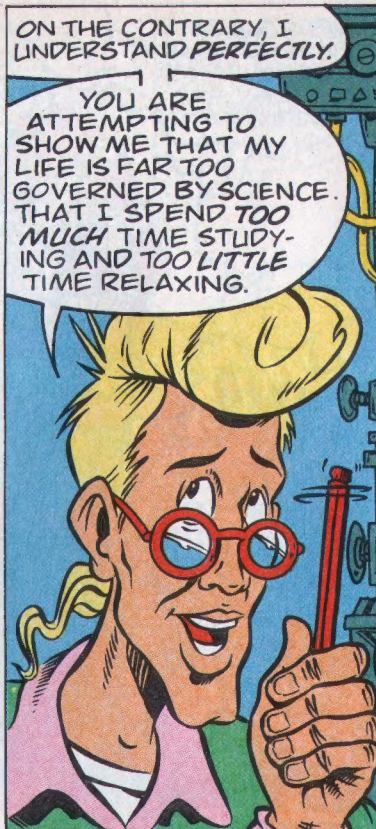
EGON, DON'T YOU WANT TO OPEN YOUR PRESENTS?

NOT YET, MOTHER. THERE ARE SOME WONDERFUL TOAD-STOOLS GROWING IN THIS POTTING COMPOST...

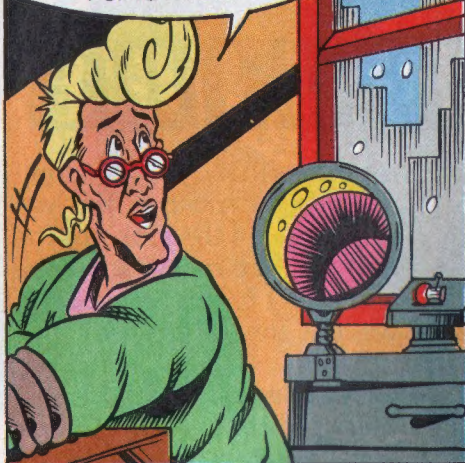


THERE! WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THAT?

AMAZING! A FULLY MANIFESTED ECTO-PLASMIC PAST-LIFE VISION OF ME! I MUST MAKE A NOTE OF THE READINGS.



OHH, MY WORD! WHAT A PECULIAR DREAM. 'STOP WORKING AND LIGHTEN UP' INDEED. IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING ALREADY AND I HAVEN'T CALIBRATED THE HUMBOLD FUNGI YET.



HMM, CHRISTMAS MORNING ALREADY! THE OTHERS WILL BE DOWN BY THE TREE, OPENING THEIR PRESENTS, LAUGHING, RELAXING... NOT WORKING.



BAH, HUMBOLD!



MERRY CHRISTMAS! MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!



MERRY CHRISTMAS, EGON!

WHAT? DID THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAY OUR OWN SCROOGE A VISIT LAST NIGHT OR SOMETHING?

PETER, IF THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS SPIRIT APPEARED TO EGON, HE'D PROBABLY BUST IT!

HA HA HA HA HA!



MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY...

AND DON'T YOU DARE SAY A THING ABOUT LAST NIGHT!



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Christmas comes but once a year, but here it is again, and it's time for me to round up a batch of Christmas related topics to deal with in the Guide.

Holly and Ivy

Ivy Trees of Winnipeg wants to know if holly had any particular symbolism before it became a token of the festive period. Well, Ivy, though the ancient Erudlians did not of course celebrate Christmas, they did use holly during their annual Feast of Erudlia, as a totem against the influence of evil spirits. In the old texts, it was said that a sprig of holly under your pillow on the night of the feast would keep away all demons and sprites. This practise was eventually given up in the reign of Queen Liquorice the Stick who was reported as saying 'Well, it might keep the pixies away, but all in all it's a pain in the neck'.

Christmas Carols

Carol Singer of Dunstable writes to me to tell of the phantom that haunts the choir of her local church, St Denzels in the Way. Legend says it is the ghost of a past vicar of the parish who had a little too much figgy pudding and passed away during a particularly rumbustious chorus of 'Hark the Herald Angels'. The haunting apparently involves such manifestations as a frail, unearthly voice that joins in on the



PART 133

'hosannas', a floating has-sock that wobbles down the aisle, splashes in the font, circles the nave twice, dripping, and finally slides down the vestry door to the floor, and bizarre burping noises in the organ loft. Don't worry about it, Carol, unless it's really bothering anybody. Just a perfectly normal poltergeist.

Crackers

The Zappy Cracker Co of Toledo wrote to me asking if I could pass on a warning about a problem with some of this year's batch of crackers. Zappy Co, who also print a variety of Occult literature during the off-season, tell me that this year, some Voorish spells and incantations got printed on their cracker mottos instead of the usual jokes. They say they'll happily refund any faulty

GUIDE

crackers that people may discover, telling me that we should be on the look out for mottos that make no sense and aren't funny. So how will we tell the difference?

On this day in History...

Many momentous things have been achieved on or around Christmas – here's a short list of the most notable: *Christmas 1807* – Gurney Swalk patents the first Ghostproof breadbin, described at the time as a 'major breakthrough in the field of bakery preservation.' *Christmas 1042* – Good King Weldingtorch looked out, thought about having the forest fence painted and then wrote the now crucial treatise *What I Know About Ghosts* on a matchbox. *1620* – Watt Dowelrod performs a sell-out concert at Hampton Court, several years after his death. *Christmas 371* – Roman Emperor Julian Seizure saw the ghost of his old friend Scissoro the night before the Battle of Staines, warning him to place a sack over his head, a fish in each ear and go into battle waving a courgette or suffer a dreadful fate. History, of course, records Julian's awful demise after ignoring his friend's advice.

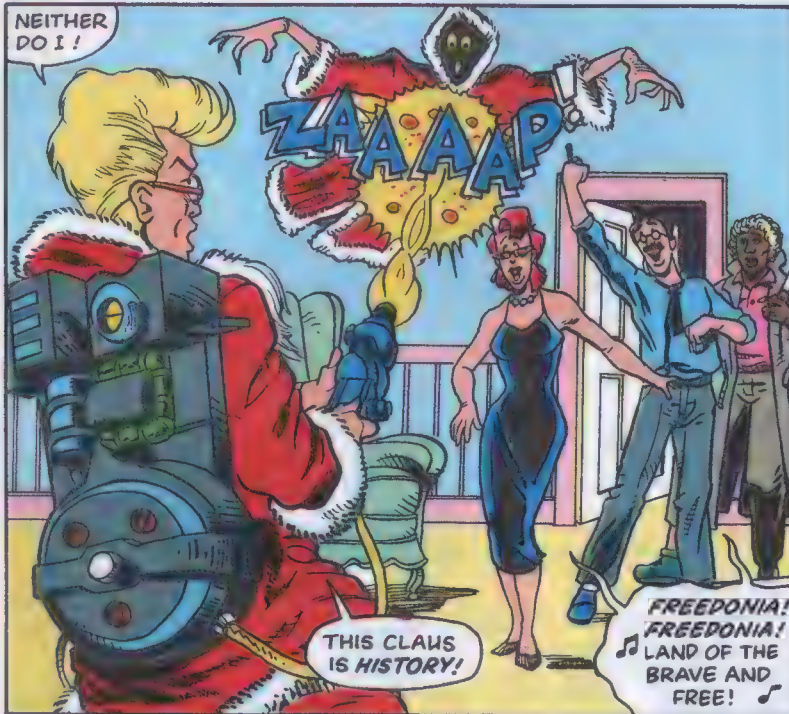
Well, I'm out of space. Have a good Christmas and remember, peace on Earth and good will to all men, and don't call us out over the holiday unless it's *absolutely* necessary.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS...



Story **HARRY P.** and **DAN ABNETT** Art **ANTHONY WILLIAMS** and **DAVE ELLIOTT** Lettering **BAMBOS** Colouring **HARRY**




SLIMER'S XMAS MAZE!

SLIMER WANTS TO
GET TO THE BOTTOM
OF THE CHIMNEY
STACK IN ORDER TO
FIND WHAT PRESENTS
SANTA HAS LEFT
FOR HIM!



OUT.



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

Monday, 24th December 1990

This is something of a first which I'm pleased to be recording here in the pages of my trusty faithful diary – Peter has had a good idea. Ray and I had been complaining about what a drag it was to be working over Christmas and Peter said 'Let's take Christmas off'. Then Peter said 'and what's more, let's have a Christmas party and invite everyone we know.'

It was so simple, it was brilliant. Egon was pretty much against it at first, pointing out that while we may want to take Christmas off, the various inhabitants of the Supercosmos might not be so keen to observe the International time of Goodwill and Peace and give it a rest, whereupon Peter had his second good idea. 'Ghosts only pop up over Christmas because they feel left out,' he explained. 'They wouldn't give us any trouble if they were having a good time too. . .'

Of course, it wasn't easy getting it sorted out. We ran adverts in *Psychic American*, *Practical Paranormalogist* and *Haunting Today*, and we circulated a handbill around all the psychics and clairvoyants in the East Coast area, encouraging them to read it out during the course of any seances they were conducting in the run-up to Christmas – you know the sort of thing 'Is there anybody there? And if there is, get a pencil and take this down. . .'

We were nervous, I'll tell you that. This kind of thing takes a lot of planning and there's a huge potential for disaster. But at seven thirty on Christmas Eve, there was the first knock on the door. It was Dana, Louis Tully, Ray's sister from out of town, and nine delegates from the Hackensack Psychic Research convention and some of Peter's old students from Weaver Hall. In the next half an hour another fifty or so guests showed up, including the Mayor and Bob Sopwith, the first man to run for Congress on a Paranormal ticket, plus a bus load of scientists from the Vondahuck

Institute. By nine o'clock, we had about a hundred and fifty people partying down in HQ, and Ray and I popped out to pick up supplies of cherry crush and a load of West Piers from the Pizzeria.



On our return, we saw that HQ, as well as being strung about with glittering fairy lights and holly wreaths, was. . . glowing with incandescent blue light. Music pulsed from within. The party was clearly now in full swing.

"Looking good," mused Ray as we carried the pizzas in from the car.

"There had better be some ecto-punch left." I replied, and we pushed open the doors and went into the deafening roar of the Ghostbusters' Christmas Party.

A huge shape loomed up over us through the flashing disco lights and dancing figures, a huge, bulbous shape that swayed to the rhythm and smelled faintly of Marshmallow.

'Hi!' I ventured, nervously.

'Hi, yourself!' replied Gozer in booming tones, a massive smile beaming across his vast, white face. 'You boys sure know how to throw a party. It was great of you to invite me too. It's nice to think that we can let bygones be bygones at a time like this. Goodwill to all Men and Demons, eh?'

'Sure!' said Ray, giving me a sidelong wink of amazement. 'Do you want some pizza? It's fresh from the shop!'

'West Pier Pizza?' asked Gozer. 'Hey, does Nekkdasgeddon wear a lot of shoes? Course I do!'

'Say,' the Destroyer of Worlds asked me, as he took a bite from the pizza, 'I brought Zuul along too. Is that okay? She's promised not to do any dog tricks.'

'That's fine,' I told him. 'Look you may want to take the pizza out of the box before you take another bite.'

The place was humming. It was the party of the year. In one corner, the Giggling Ghoul was entertaining some of the boys from Weaver Hall with his latest jokes, in another Watt Dowelrod was tuning up his lute ready for an impromptu 'set' he'd volunteered to do later. Louis and Slimer were in the kitchen having a mince pie eating contest, much to the delight of the Mayor and the other guests. Egon was sat on the stairs, deep in conversation with a Yldammic Pit Fiend who was very keen to learn Egon's mother's recipe for brandy butter. Around the tree, a pack of Babblers were shrieking with laughter as they took it in turns to read out the jokes in the crackers. Ray had rigged up a whisk to the chain of Nekkdasgeddon's tricycle, and the diminutive demon was busy mixing up gallon after gallon of punch in a massive bowl we later learned was a hub-cap from Jongraps the Bleak's war-chariot. Peter was in the centre of the dance floor, doing the lambada with the ghost of Salome. Janine was leading the Four Horsemen Of the Apocalypse and a whole string of Kolords in a conga. Frost sprites were making ice for the drinks. Gremlins were causing interesting effects with the fairy lights on the tree. 'This is the wildest party I've ever been to!' I was told by the ghost of Bernie 'Wildman' Le Brix as he whirled past me on the end of the conga line. I later learned from Egon that Bernie 'Wildman'

Le Brix was a rock star who'd died in 1976, the official cause of death being recorded as 'too many parties'.

I was on my way to the door to let in some late arrivals when Peter bumped into me. 'Is this great, or what?' he asked me, 'You should see the tricks the fire elemental can do with the plum puddings and the open fire.'

When I got to the door, I opened it to find a large knight in armour waiting outside. 'Am I too late?' asked the knight, squeaking up his visor.

'Not at all,' I replied, letting him in.

'I know Jongraps,' added the knight, 'he said it would be okay for me to drop by.'

'The more the merrier' I said, whereupon, the knight turned round and cried 'Hey guys, the dude said it was okay to come in.'

Eleven more knights jostled in through the doorway to join the fun. 'Who are you guys, anyway?'

'I,' said the first knight, 'am the knight before Christmas'.

'I'm the twelfth knight' said the last one in.

'We're the ones in-between' chorused the others.

We sang 'God rest you merry gentle-things', we sang 'Silent nightmare' and we sang 'While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all floating off the ground.' Some spooks from the Green Slime Packers gave a wonderful exhibition of famous Numbly plays. We had a good time.

At last it was time for everyone to be getting back. One by one, they headed for the door, said Good Night and Merry Christmas, thanked us and left. 'Sure was good fun!' said Ponquadrakor, shaking hands with all four of us at once. 'Let's do it again next year!'

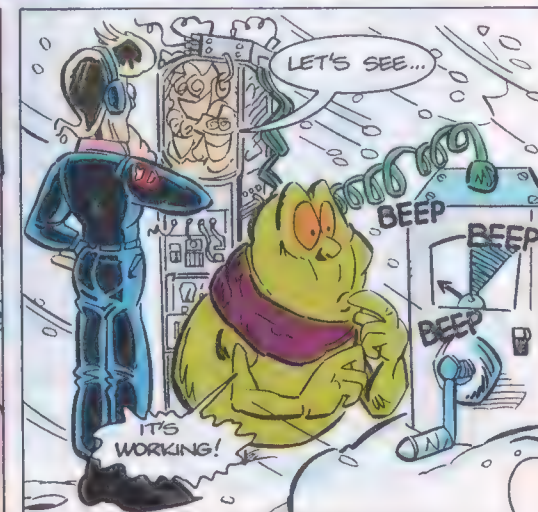
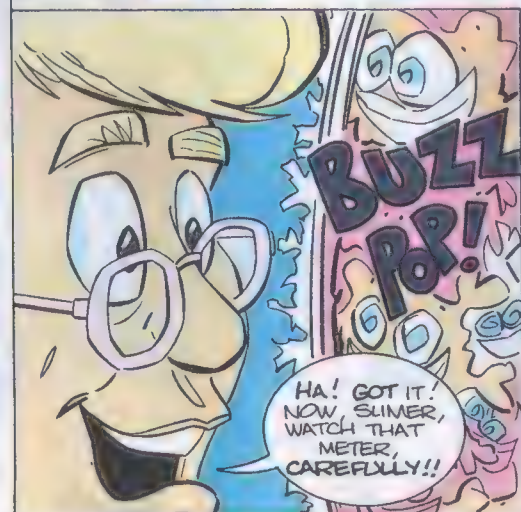
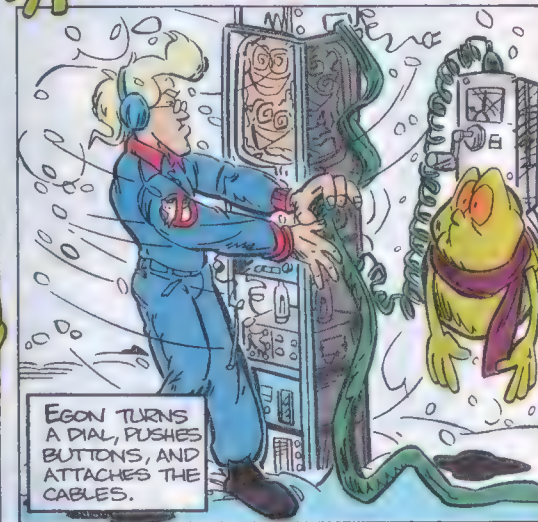
Why not? Peace on Earth, and peace to all other dimensions of the Universe is what I say.

Merry Christmas, diary.

SLIMER!

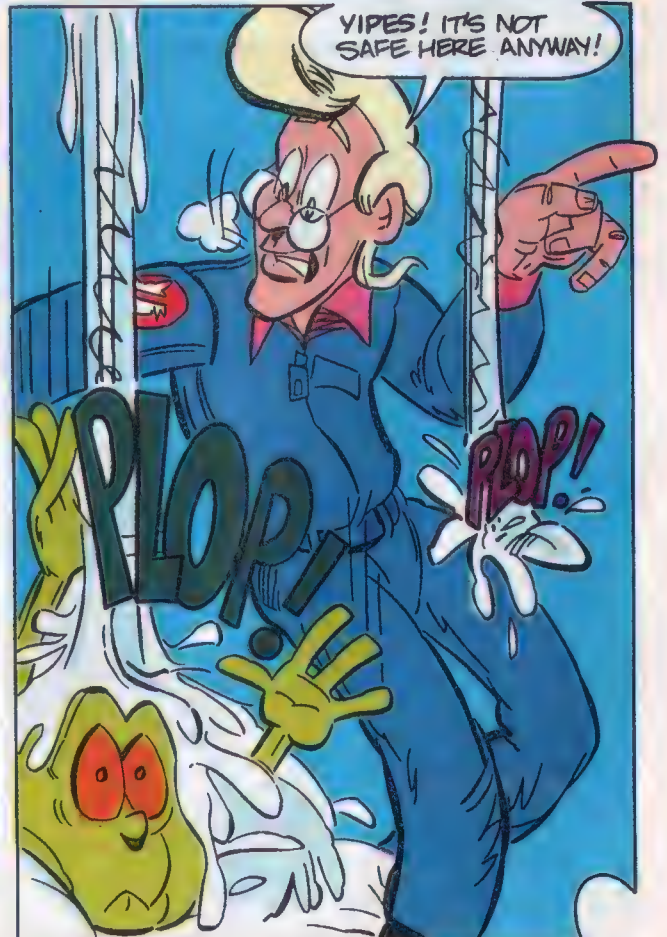
Part Two: There's a power cut! Santa Claus is lost! Can Egon and Slimer get a message to the North Pole in time?

A SHORT TIME LATER...



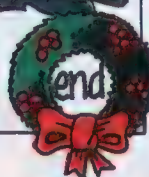








As the sound of holiday songs reaches him, Slimer realizes everyone likes the candlelight.



POLICE ACADEMY

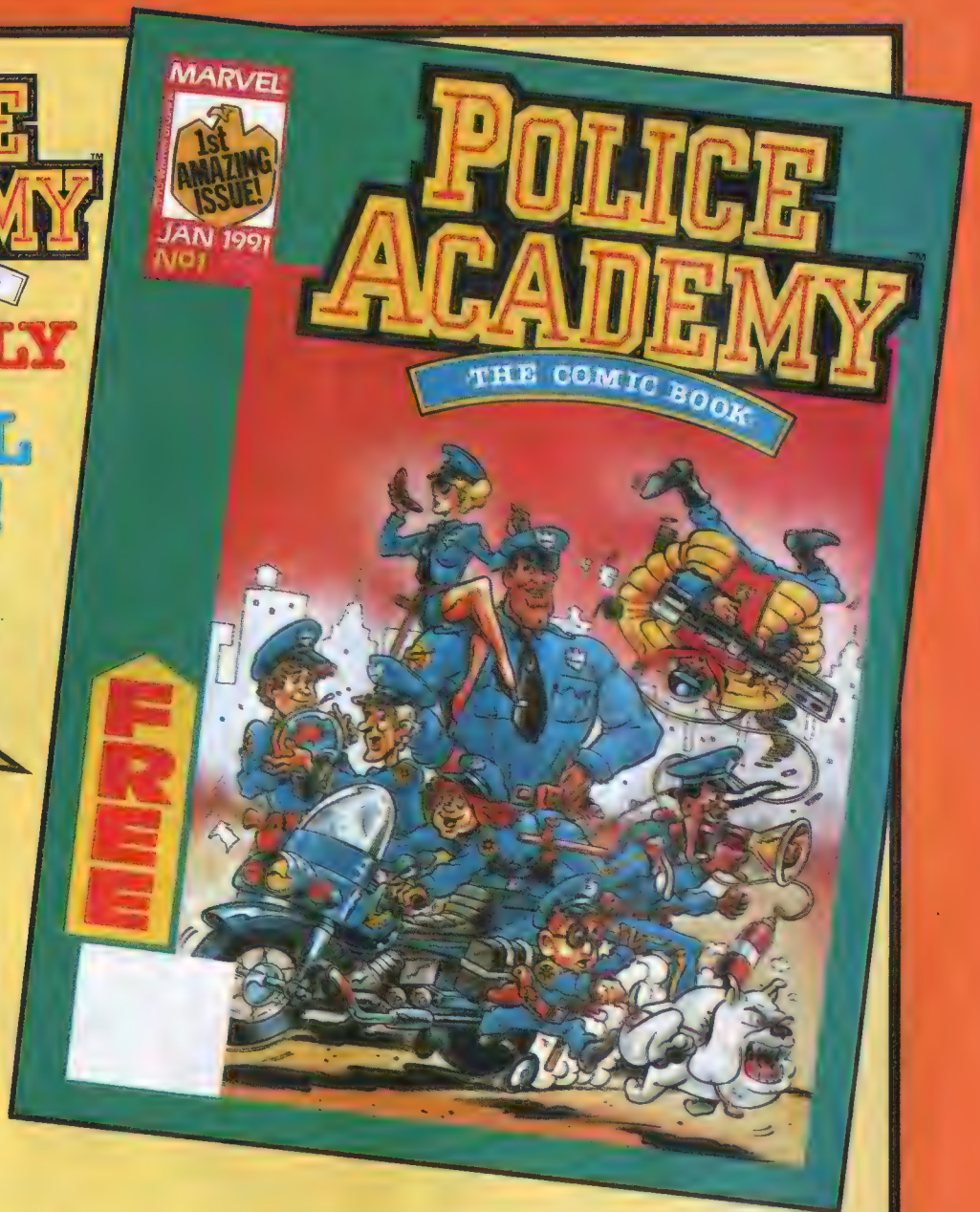
THE COMIC BOOK

MONTHLY

ENROL
NOW!

FREE
BADGE
WITH ISSUE
ONE!

DON'T
LET ANYONE
STEAL YOUR
COPY!



DEAD TRUE!



tea party was taking place at the home of Vice-Admiral Sir George and Lady Tryon in London's fashionable Eaton Square. It was a large gathering and many of the capital's social elite were present. Suddenly the cosy scene and amiable conversation were shattered by a terrifying scream. It came from Lady Tryon. There she stood in horror as Sir George, fully attired in his admiral's uniform, walked to the foot of the stairs and then disappeared through an open door. This vision would not have been so bizarre had it not been for the fact that Sir George was at that very moment thousands of miles away in Tripoli.

That day, June 22 1893, was to become notorious for one of the country's worst naval disasters. It involved Britain's entire Mediterranean fleet – eight ironclad battleships

and five cruisers. The fleet was performing a routine exercise. Indeed Sir George's instructions were for the two columns, headed by the *Victoria* and the *Camberdown*, to move parallel to each other and then turn inwards and reverse their course.

However, between the ships there was only a distance of 6 cable lengths—about 4,500 feet. This seemed dangerously close, but when one officer suggested that perhaps eight lengths might be safer, Sir George remained strangely adamant. Thus, at a combined speed of 18 knots, the two lead ships were heading towards each other, set on a certain collision course – yet still Sir George gave no signal for the turn.

Finally at the last moment he ordered the propellers into reverse. But it was too late; The *Camberdown* pierced the *Victoria* some 65 feet aft on the bow, starboard

side.

At this point disaster could still have been avoided had Sir George not compounded his first mistake with a second. Amid the roar of surging sea he cried for the *Camberdown* to go astern with both engines. The resulting devastation that followed was horrific; a massive wall of water surged against the *Victoria*, flooding the hydraulic system, ravaging the machinery and drowning the men trapped in their cabins. There was little chance of escape and those who braved the swirling mass of sea plunged to their death as they were killed by the angry churnings of the propellers. The survival figures were appalling. Of the original 642 men on board only 284 survived. Among the dead was Sir George who died where he stood on the *Victoria's* bridge as she slipped beneath the waves.



TRANSFORMERS™

WE'VE GOT



© 1990 Hasbro Inc.

THE POWER!

TRANSFORMERS™

300 AND STILL KICKING!



SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



GOLD-BUST!

